

The dying Young-man, and the obdurate Maid,

O R,

A strange and wonderful Relation of a Young-man
that dyed for love about the midst of this present Iune, with the Maids per-
plexity for loss of her love, and how likely she is to dy for the same cause
worthy the view of all young-men and Maids both in Country and
City, delightful to all, hurtful to none.

To the Tune of, *Fancies Phenix.*



Come you young men and maidens faire,
For unto you I will now declare,
And likewise I will hear unfold,
As true a tale as ere was told,
Of a young man that oft did cry,
Sweet grant me love or else I dye.

Fair Maids I pray you lend an ear,
And you the truth thereof shall hear,
And of these times come take a view,
No damage thereby will insue,
Admit not your love too oft to cry,
Sweet yield Reliefe or else I dye.

The young mans Complaint.
Dear love when first I cast mine eye,
Upon thy feature and beauty
My heart did burn in such a flame,
That I could never quench the same,
And so continue constantly,
Sweet yield Reliefe or else I dye.

Maids reply.
Hing Sir your mind I will make known,
The less you r mine the more your own,
For on that side I cannot hear,
Yet thank you kindly for your fear,
No cause at all I can espy,
For to give credit to your cry.

Man.
Dear Love thou lodgest in my heart,
And from thence shall ne'r depart,
Dead Cupit hath wounded me so,

Then do not probe my moztall so,
Which forceth me incessantly,
To cry sweet love me or I dye,

Maid.
Sweet Sir your suite is all in vain,
Without a cause you do complain,
Young-men I know can counterfeit
And seem to be lovers compleat
As silly Maidens for to try,
But we their actions do chide.

Man.
Dear love do not obdurate probe,
But this my too and grief remove,
And ease me now that am oppress,
So that I may have peace and rest,
For in thy love my heart doth fry,
Sweet yield relief or else I dy,

Maid.
Sir to me you a stranger are,
Then wherefore for me should you care,
Some thing to mitigate your pain,
Come home I will you entertain.
If I may probe the remedy,
You for love shall never dye.

Man.
Then receive this kiss my dear,
That I give thee in token here,
I love thee dearer then my life,
Intending to make thee my wife
Ten thousand times happy am I,
That thou lovest me assuredly.

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He kept his time and to her came
 But she proved a scornful dame,
 Her entertainment was harsh and course
 And her reproaches ten times worse,
 Farewel dear heart thus did he cry,
 Tis for thy love that I must dye.

Straight home he came and went to bed,
 Whereupon fancies still he fed,
 And for twelbe dayes he there did ly,
 In greivous too and misery,
 And ever and anon did cry,
 Tis for thy love that I must dye.

Four lines apiece of the four following
 verses, was found written in his own
 Trunck, since his departure.

His Complaint.

Thy heart is harder far then flint,
 And will not suffer Cupits plint,
 But bears his Arrows back to love,
 Hard hearted thou that canst not love,
 My life is now in Jeopardy,
 Tis for thy love that I must dye.

And when I dye true lovers mourn,
 Deck all your heads with witherd corn,
 Wear on each hand a sable globe,
 To testifie I dyed for love,
 Proclaim it in the streets and cry,
 Tis for her love that I did dye.

Then hear me softly by her door,
 And with your mourning breads deplore,
 Cry loud and down you gods above,

On her that kills him for her love,
 To all the world go testifie,
 Tis for her love that I did dye.

Last build my Tomb of lovers bones,
 Laid round about with marble stones,
 My Schochon being a Venus Dove
 To signifie I dyed for love,
 For whilst I live in flames I cry,
 And so farewell to here I dye.

Immediately in came the Paide,
 His Coffin made heart to deade,
 And to inquire who there did dy,
 That withyn that house did ly,
 She being told wept bitterly,
 And said I do deserve to dye.

And since that hour continues still,
 Beyond any Physitians skill,
 Her sorrows daily do increase,
 Her burning feabozs do not cease,
 She frets and grieves unceasantly,
 Confessing she deserves to dye.

Young men and maids that love intend,
 These lines unto you I commend,
 To those that love you prove most true,
 And do not change them so, a new,
 Give eare to those that truth doth tell,
 And so I bid you all farwel.